

Spartan Training

by Natination

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-06-15 15:49:16

Updated: 2005-11-09 13:59:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:41:11

Rating: T

Chapters: 15

Words: 18,160

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Chapter 15 is up! When nate and sam are sent from the past to the future to be spartan's, they relize what a galactic scale this war is on. And it gets worse as Coloniel Ackerson is elected as head of the UNSC. please R&R.

## 1. Questions

Spartan Training.

By: Natination

Author notes: This is going to be a couple chapters long, and you'll see what happened to Sam and Nate when they tackled the elite.

Nate woke up, everything was big. Pretty darn big. He wasâ€¢ somewhere. What happened to R'tek and the white elite? He glanced around as he noticed he was in some sort of ship, men in black suits were quietly talking to each other. He quietly moved as he struggled to get up.

"The kid is awake!" One of the men who glanced at the kid said. "How the hell is he? I put enough traq in him to put a horse out for 12 hours."

"Shoot him again, it wont kill him if he withstand that." The Commanding officer said. "Oni wants this one asleep the entire way."

"You got it sir." One of the soldiers took out a needle and stuck the kid before he could freak out.

Nate fluttered his eyes as he tried to stay awake it. He soon fell asleep and into dreams of what just happened to him. Why did they call him a kid? He hoped these questions would be answered soon.

## 2. Close Call

### Spartan Training

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Meanwhile Nate was knocked out (once again), sam just woke up and was promptly put to sleep. Now Sam being the master of sleeping was asleep 3 hours on a 6-hour traq.

How, and why these drugs aren't affecting them is unknown to these blackops people, but they do reach their objective point on time.

Sam and Nate woke up with the rest of them as the pelicans were unboarded with their cargo and shuttled into a gaint stadium type of thing. A woman on the stage said something about the UNSC, and how they were conscripted into service. Now this wasn't exactly the best thing to go from killing covenant toâ€¢ uh killing something else.

Nate gave a glanced at the glowing person on a pestal sort of thing. "AI?" he asked himself. "They were trying to develop AI's in the military before. Are we in the future?"

The guard or whatever behind them was pretty tall, and then Sam noticed something. All the kids around them were like 10 year olds. Were they in a 10-year-old body? Strange he thought he was around 15-16â€¢ maybe it reset his body to when the covenant arrived on earth. Since we somehow activated the time deviceâ€¢ it sent the elite back to where he came from, but since they were on him, it must have transported him to."

"Greatâ€¢" His mind said. "My mind is 6 years older then my body... dandy." Sam said. "Strange though on how I got onto the pelican, that's all I remember."

"You are dismissed." The lady said.

Everyone filed out nicelyâ€¢ with the help of the soldiers guarding him or her. Exercise and classes was a breeze for them. They had taken most of the math and history before. The AI was a pain in the butt and confused on why Nate knew things while sam knew others things Nate knew. She bought it up with Mendez who found it interesting. He didn't do anything about it but one thing. He couldn't bring in or tie up another AI. Though he did something he liked doing.

Nate and Sam filed into his office of many battles, with an enemy that was known already to them. Covenant. Mendez asked several questions which probed at, why and how did they know the information.

"How did you two know the information of three grades from you?" Mendrez asked.

"Sir, we used to read a lot of books sir." Sam said. "I usually read 3 a day."

"But on advance math?" Mendrez said.

"Sometimes, its pretty easy, sir." Sam said.

"I am sensing bullshit here private." Mendrez said. "Do not give me bullshit or you wont eat for 2 days."

"Sir, we're not giving you bullshit sir." Sam said.

"Fine then, ill trust you know, get back to training, but remember, I'm watching you."

When sam and Nate left, Mendrez relayed the conversation to himself. He knew they were hiding something. Nate didn't say or did one entire thing during the entire trick they pulled. Something was up.

He pressed up the UNSC files on Nate and sam when he looked at where they taken from. Washington D.C., Earth, was found in a back alley only because they had a chip implanted in their heads. Now there were several strange parts, 1 was that they were found together and both were candidates for the Spartan program. But the strange thing was that they were found together, only they were found together. The others were cities or planets apart.

Down the hallway of training camp Alpha.

Planet Reach

1500 local time.

"We have to keep what we know a secret from now on." Nate said.  
"Aboutâ€¢ whatever happened to us."

"I agree, I like Mendrez, but he's getting nosey." Sam said.

The two of them didn't talk until they reached the barracks, then they started to talk about what the other 10 year olds were talking about.

### 3. Busted

Spartan Training

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The Spartans was ready for the skeleton argumentation after extreme training. As they filed into their serial number rooms, doctors and many other strange people got ready.

"What the hell?" Nate said to himself as gas filtered into the room and a few seconds later he was asleep. Meanwhile several hallways down, Sam were swearing too as the gas overwhelmed him.

13 hours later, the Spartans gathered in a conference room, some were in wheel chairs. The deaths filed in, over half died from the surgery and 1/3 of the remaining Spartans were crippled in some way. The mood was moot in any case, no one felt like doing anything. More then half the people they knew and trained with died within a 24 hour period.

Nate and Sam sat in a corner as they quietly talked to one another.

"God, whatever the hell they did to us, it feels like getting out of work and being 3 times tired." Nate said.

"Yupâ€| Besides that was the end of the conversation before ONI came and claimed them. Escorting them to briefing room of sorts, they were sat down. The room wasn't well decorated, just a table and a few chairs.

The guards didn't talk ether, but then again, Sam and Nate didn't bother to ask questions. ONI was being paranoid and generally being a pain in the ass as always. It seemed to be several hours before a woman walked in, and was defiantly ONI simply by look.

Nate and Sam jumped to their feet and saluted before sitting down again as she returned the salute.

"You two will be separated from the Spartan group; you two have something special to do."

"What might that be Ma'am?" Nate asked.

"Be the first to test our new armor." She grinned. "We're been watching you two from the pelicans. You can't hide the fact that you were 16 year olds in 10 year old bodies any more when we picked you up."

Nate and Sam were shocked by what they had heard. They only talked about it a few times in private, with no one around, who else could know it? Truth was that they knew it.

"You will tell what happened, and how did you get to the future." ONI agent said. "And show us the device that got you here."

Nate gave a glance that Sam, asking if they should do a bullshit story or not. Sam nodded a no, as he gave the look "why bother?" Nate shrugged his shoulders as he turned to the female officer again.

"You might want to sit down Ma'am; it's a very long story." Nate said. "See, it was the yearâ€|."

#### 4. Peacemaker

\*\*Spartan Training\*\*

\*\*By: Natination\*\*

Author notes: Sorry for such the long wait, but I didn't have much time till now to sit down at my computer and actually WRITE something. Hope you enjoy it, if you see any errors please tell me and I'll correct it ASAP)

Nate walked down the hallway eating a field ration, 8 years since ONI discovered their true origins, and yet even with their help, they failed to see where, how, or even why this happened. According to

ONI, They slipped into the future like a puzzle piece, and the other piece that they replaced, failed to exist. In Essence, they killed the two people who were supposed to be here instead of them. They didn't even remember their childhood 10 year-old childhood, thus they thought that maybe instead they had altered reality itself, and simply replace the two people and stood as them. Everything needed a balance of some kind or else it fails. The balance was the same amount of people. It was noted that the memories of the people they knew changed also, to fit them with their personalities. Funny thing about how life works but It appeared ONI was stumped and decided to put it in the back burner as Nate and Sam were separated and listed as KIA to the other Spartans.

Sad that they were separated from the others, but hell, duty is duty. Duty is slavery if you get right down to the basic of it. But then again, the human race would be extinct if everyone didn't contribute SOMETHING to the war effort. Apparently, he and Sam were being shipped out in the Mark VI armor. It had more effective shields and recharge, including better everything overall. Still didn't have the armor come in 6 different colors though. Sam would have spray painted his armor black if he could. Sam and Nate entered the conference hall, which Admiral Snooker and several of his officers were waiting. An ONI officer waited for the saluting to be done and waited for the Spartans to stand at attention as the seats couldn't possible support them and their armor weight.

"I am here to brief you on the newest ship we have built, the UNSC Peacemaker, She is 300 meters long with 4 feet thick of Titanium A-14 armor. She is armed with 3 of the newest MAC cannons, which is located here, here and there." The Officer pointed at a hologram of the ship, and continued on with the briefing. It was long and sleek, and there was a MAC cannon located within the armor at the direct point of the bow of the ship. The other two were like smaller arms that were under the ship. All three Mac cannons were located so none could be bombed all in one run. 112 chain guns surrounded the vessel for ship defenses, with extreme overlaps of fire everywhere possible. There were 136 Archer missile tubes, which were located like an old missile ship along the front of the ship. With the 48 or so located in the rear of the ship to prevent all archer tubes from being knocked out. The bridge and the reactor was the most protected place of all. 6 feet of Titanium lined the out of the walls like a giant cube. Some of the titanium was INSIDE the ship so to prevent a direct Nose to tail one hit KO. The ship carried 24 Shiva nuclear missiles and had 200 longswords in 4 separate bays located in strategic places. It had a crew of over 640 people and supported 876 marines. Carried over 300 warthogs, 120 scorpion tanks and 165 pelicans. It had enough fuel to support everything in full operation around the clock for three months. In Short, this bad girl could kick some serious ass if need be on any planet surface OR space.

After the debriefing about the new battleship they would call home, the ONI agent only went briefly into the mission, they would have to leave port to receive any more details, ONI as usually, was being pain in the ass paranoid again.

The nature of the mission seemed to be extremely important but yet, it seemed more like exploration then actually combat. They all boarded the vessel within an hour, the Spartans lugging the few items that they had. Spare Equipment for the suits were loaded on as well. Things were going in a hectic pace, but everything was working fine.

The Spartans were showed their quarters within the vessel as they were just departing. The Commander of the ship was of course, Admiral Snooker, funny as his name maybe, but he was hardcore marine turned navy. The Peacemaker was launched prior to the other Spartan's mission, which was considered more risky despite the fact that ONI did everything they "could". Only the crew knew the Secrecy of the ship onboard as the ship departed and did a slip space jump. Sam and Nate stared out though a screen seeing reach left behind. Nate couldn't wait to get back to the past where he could actually sleep in, be late and the military wasn't the central hub that made the world go round. They were going to be briefed on the orders they received from ONI in a minute. He hoped this mission wouldn't go FUBAR.

## 5. No one left to fight

### Spartan Training 5

By: Natination

The winter tundra was ravaged by a completely out of place sandstorm as the pelicans landed on the sand and snow piles. Two warthogs were deployed as the Spartans were deployed as two marines and a Spartan got off the pelican in double time. They loaded up and drove off as they headed for a partially sand filled tunnel complex with a pelican providing support with a full load of 12 marines. Reaching the complex in less than 5 minutes with the warthogs, they disembarked and swept the area clear of any enemies.

"Bravo 3, you're cleared for landing." Sam said. "Area Clear."

"Roger that Spartan, this is Bravo 3 coming in." The pilot answered.

The pelican hovered over the landing area, a foot off the ground as the marines jumped off and met with their squad commanders.

Sam and Nate each had a squad of 6 men leaving two behind to guard the warthogs. The pelican rose in the air as it headed back for the Peacemaker. There were a total of 120 men on the ground doing search and explore missions all around the ring. The Peacemaker directed all orders as it oversaw the separate assignments into the rings.

Heading deep into the underground caverns, they came upon a group of dead Covenant. 1 gold elite and two blue elites lay dead with a large collection of jackals and grunts surrounding them with their own corpses. The bodies were torn apart as if it was thrown apart.

Snooker was on the bridge of the battleship as ground teams reported in Covenant dead. All the reports were the same; they were torn apart and killed like they were nothing.

His graying beard and blue eyes gave him the look of a sea captain on an ocean going ship. He paced the deck as each team checked in and gave their reports.

One of the systems AI's turned on his holo generator and a small figure sporting a lab coat and holding a data pad sprang up. "Admiral Snooker, Scanners are picking fragments of a Covenant ship, parts are recognizing as a cruiser."

"Give me Contact with all teams NOW." Admiral Snooker said. His height was slightly short for a marine or navy officer but that didn't mean his presence was weak. He straightened up, as the COM channel was setup for all teams on the surface. "All ground units we have a covenant ship fragments around the ring, we may have company soon."

"What can we expect for a task force that they would send?" Snooker asked.

"I would have to say 3-5 vessels Admiral, above destroyers." Q said. "They don't like losing a vessel and will often send more then enough ships to overwhelm what did it and kill it."

"And since we're here when it arrives, their think it's us." Snooker said.

"Yes admiral, they would try to kill us anyways." Q said.

"Lets go to Battle stations then." Snooker said. As the command went out ODST's formed fire teams and patrolled the troop to be ready for any boarders. The MAC cannons were powered up to full charge with two rounds each in the gun.

"All ground forces head back to your dust off points, every withdraw back to the ship." Snooker ordered. "Q go to Max resolution on the remains of the Covenant ship, look for a bridge." He pointed on a large display of the Cruiser that was doing a slow and lazy orbit around the Covenant ship.

"Admiral, the bridge is located here in the superstructure of the ship that remains." Q said. "Most of the ship is intact in that area but no life forms detected."

"Give me the Spartans now." Snooker said.

They hustled to the Dust off point as Men yelled to fall back. When you were trying to get out is when the booby traps always go off. They started to head back the way they come, leaving the dead bodies behind.

"We got an Contact! I repeat we got a Contact. Its not covenant!" A marine screamed. You could hear the LAAG's firing in the background as they fought off whatever the hell it was.

"Move it teams! Warthogs need help!" Nate and Sam dashed as the rest of the squad tried to keep up. Nate and Sam were the first off out of the door and scanned the area with their Assault Rifles. Nothing in sight at all, totally nothing in the winter tundra The 4 Marines that were here were gone. The Warthogs were burning with one flipped over.

"Bravo 3, Bravo 3, come in, we need a Dust off NOW." Sam said.

"Hold onto your pants guys, I'm already on my way down, Snooker

ordered everyone out."

"Our warthog team got hit, no survivors we have 14 people looking to get the hell out of here."

"Roger. On my way." Bravo 3 said. He pilot came screaming in as he dropped to a foot off the ground and everyone boarded. Nate noticed something, two helmets laid down in the snow. He picked them up and put it in his pack as he grabbed a handhold on the pelican and boosted himself up onto the pelican.

"Go!" Sam said.

"Spartans come in. this is Admiral Snooker." A voice of the TACCOM said.

"Roger Admiral, go ahead." Sam said.

"Suit up for a Zero-gee exploration aboard a dead Covenant vessel once you get into the Peacemaker."

"Roger that sir." Sam said.

"Sir, Our Warthogs got ambushed and we have 4 marines dead. No bodies and nothing but two helmets and the burning warthogs."

"Sorry to hear that, I'll have one of the AI's got on that right away. Once you returned from your Zero-gee, We're opening the box on your new AI's that go into your suit systems." Snooker said.

"Roger, over and out." Nate said. Nate wondered what happened to the 4 marines stationed outside with the warthogs. The AI's will figure it out while they searched the Covenant vessel. He hoped his questions would get answered soon enough.

## 6. Field Trip

Spartan Training

By: Natination

Debris filled the space around the covenant cruiser; its demise was unknown for now as a pelican tried to make its way to an open breach in the hull. Nimbly dodging pieces of debris that were the size of it, the pelican finally was able to get to one of the many breaches in the hull. The back of the pelican opened up as the pelican nestled into the breach in the hull backwards.

Nate and Sam walked off the deck as they glanced around. Engineers lay dead among the deck, as the fusion core was still online providing gravity for the ship. Making their way to the bridge among the many doors, they careful walked down hallways and opened doors. Once they narrowing avoiding falling into a pit where it was a 100 feet deep because the floor had somehow collapsed.

Finally coming upon the bridge where bodies of several gold elites and silver ones. Walking up to the holographic symbols, Nate and Sam tried to bring a Captain's log. They had to be one, or some type of recording device.

"Trying to interface." The AI said. "I have the recording, lets go."

"Roger." Nate said. "Lets get out of here."

"Yeah. This place is giving me the creeps."

They humped to the pelican as the pilot who in a zero gee suit and were barely able to strap in and move around fired up the engines and left the Covenant ship behind.

"Admiral we have retrieved the data. Sending you a copy now." Sam radioed in.

As the pelican dropped into the hanger alarms went off as the defcom went to 1 (fighting imminent). Before the pelican had fully landed Sam and Nate were going though the hallway as everyone scrambled into an alert status.

The bridge was a hectic array of data ports and control panels with people manning them now.'

"Mac guns fully operational, 100 on each cannon." A Mac gunner reported.

"Engines are 100" people reported in.

"Archer missile tubes ready for launch"

"Shiva Tactical nuclear warheads ready."

"Aim Mac cannons at the slip space rupture." Admiral Snooker said.  
"Open up the AI holotanks now."

3 AI's popped up. One of the figure looked like the tank general Patton as he reported in. Q in his lab coat popped up as well. And a Ninja of sorts popped up as well.

The Patton figure asked to take control of the Mac cannons and was designated command.

The slip space rupture ended as 7 covenant ships arrived out of slip space.

"Blow the hell out of them." Patton yelled.

The covenant fleet did consisted of a carrier, a cruiser and 2 destroyers and 2 frigates. The key word is did because as soon as they came out the Mac guns opened up and slammed two rounds each into the carrier, cruiser and a destroyer. The destroyer was gutted instantly and didn't stand a chance, as its shields didn't come online yet. The Round had run clean though the ship stem to stern and blew the entire bridge and fusion core apart. The Destroyer detonated like a firecracker and its hulls blew into thousands of fragments and it pinged off the hull of the other covenant ships.

The Mac round for the carrier was completely different story. The shield came online just before they hit and sent their shields down two thirds. The Cruiser was the least lucky, The Mac rounds hit it

dead on and the hull snapped and popped and decompressed. The Mac rounds had skimmed the hull ripping holes all along the two sides of the ship. It was a slow and antagonizing death for the cruiser as the compartments decompressed one by one. Unknown to anyone but the bridge crew of the cruiser, The Commander of the ship was walking onto the bridge and the door was open just as the Mac rounds passed by and tore out the wall behind him. Needless to say there was a white elite floating in the dead of space now.

"Get us the hell out of here now!" Admiral snooker said. "Get as behind something so the plasma doesn't hit us directly.

The guns on the all the covenant ships warmed as the shields also came online for the remaining ships.

"Squadrons of seraphs are coming off the carrier!" Q said.

"I suggest we launch the half of our longswords now. We can keep the rest in reserve." Patton said.

"Any breaches of security to our systems of any kind?" Admiral Snooker asked.

"None detected." The Security AI said. Snooker couldn't remember the AI's name at the moment. "Q, help on system security, I don't want no breaches."

"Yes admiral." Q said and focused on helping the AI out.

"Mac guns are charging again sir, there be ready in 45 seconds." The Mac operator said.

The carrier and Cruiser moved towards them firing as they went. Plasma fire lanced out and missed by mere meters. The covenant was unusually sloppy. They didn't know that the commander of the Carrier used to be in charge of infantry units, thus he was expecting a splash effect because of gravity. There is no gravity.

That was when the seraphs and longswords engaged each other and the chain gun defense opened up pouring fire into the seraphs. The Carrier fired a plasma torpedo towards the Peacemaker. Nothing could stop it now. It would slam straight into the Center Mac cannon and split the ship nearly in half till the engineer compartment.

"Damn. We fought a good fight though. Fire MAC rounds now! One last salvo!" Admiral Snooker ordered. 6 rounds rang out destroying the carrier and Cruiser and one frigate.

The Energy torpedo was about to hit.

## 7. More mysteries

### Spartan Training

The Plasma torpedo scorched the space as it headed for the UNSC battleship Peacemaker. It was headed for a direct collision course with the bridge.

"Longswords are busy sir. Their engaging enemy single ships." The

tactical officer said. "Chain guns are trying to divide their numbers to free up longswords to intercept. Sir, None of them can make it in time."

"Damn. We gave them hell though." The Admiral said. He was going to press the abandon ship command. Maybe some people would make it out alive. He could guarantee that no one would that was stationed 2 decks above and below

"Sir, a flight of 5 longswords just left the bay, their heading for the plasma torpedo." The tactical officer said again. "They left disobeying orders."

The longswords were easy to identify they had red on their wings, part of the blood squadron. They were veteran longsword pilots and were some of the best in the UNSC. They fired their missiles but the plasma torpedo just ate them up without slowing down.

"No COM links sir, they turned it off." The Communications officer said.

"Impact in 5 seconds." The tactical officer said.

The Longswords went into a wing formation and drove straight into the plasma torpedo. It exploded from the impact of the 5 longswords altogether. Plasma globs drifted about.

"MAC cannons ready sir."

"Send them to hell." The Admiral said.

6 thuds fired off as the carrier shields flicked on again and started to take evasive maneuvers but it took 2 to its starboard side and exit holes appeared on the other side. The Carrier lurched around as it wheeled out in slow circles before it hit the hulk of a floating dead Covenant Frigate and then blew up.

"Sir, Single ships have been wiped out by longswords, Each Mac gun are recharging at 10 per minute with 70 engine power. Longswords are returning, out of 55 we lost 17 longswords."

"Sir!" The sensor officer cried out. "Covenant Cruiser is coming back online!"

"Enemy Cruiser is charging plasma turrets." The tactical officer said.

"Fire Archer tubes A-G!" Admiral Snooker ordered quickly.

The 36 missiles zoomed onto the Cruiser and impacted on its hull. The Covenant ship lurched away as one of the missiles hit a plasma turret near the front bow. The plasma went wild as the coils on it malfunctioned. The plasma scorched the armor plating on the covenant ship and burned though the countless decks. The ship exploded as 6 missiles impacted on a hole left by a MAC round and went straight though the 20-meter section of exposed hull and blew though the docks till it reached the fusion core where one missile hit. The Cruiser disappeared and pieces of it went soaring though space.

"Send out fresh longswords to all the covenant ships, make sure their

dead for good." Admiral Snooker said.

"Admiral come in please, this is the Spartans." Nate called in.

"Go ahead." Admiral Snooker said.

"We need you in the ship's main lab now." Nate said.

"Urgently."

"I'll be right there." Admiral Snooker ceased the transmission and turned to a warrant officer.

"You have the watch, make sure nothing sneaks up on us." Admiral Snooker said as he walked out. He stepped onto the deck and went down a series of small elevators designed for 1-4 people. He walked down blast shields set up at choke points with 6 marines at each station, armed with the heavy weapons like Jackhammers, MA5B's and shotguns. They saluted as he walked past and went back to their game of cards they had started. The marines weren't new to war and had one man facing each direction and looking directly past the man opposite them with a rifle sitting at their feet.

"Too many god dam heroes in this war." Snooker thought as he walked past them. He entered the main lab to find a 36" view screen and the helmets hooked up. The Tactical AI, the one that had chosen his form as Patton stood there.

"Admiral, we found the mission recordings of the marines that went missing very disturbing." Patton said.

"Let me see it." Admiral Snooker said.

"Yes sir."

Sam and Nate looked a little too grim for ones who had to piggyback on a ship that just won against 6 Covenant ships. The room sealed itself shut and secured before the room darkened and the 36" view screen start to show the view screens.

It showed three young privates and a sergeant guarding the warthogs. Two of the privates were sitting on the tailgate of one of the warthogs. The sergeant was on a LAAG with the private sitting on the opposite tailgate. They all carried MA5B's except for the Sergeant with a shotgun.

"This station sucks." One private said. "I wish I stayed on Reach where it was safe."

"Stow the Bullshit marine." The Sergeant said. "Best damn station I had, No Covenant."

A rustle happened nearby.

"What was that?" The private asked. The sky grew dark and the marines switched to flashlights as the ring was orbiting in the blind spot where it was dark. Guns were locked and loaded as one marine grabbed a LAAG. The other two slowly walked towards the driver seats as something came out of the dark. It was fast and quick, something like an arm lifted up a warthog and flipped it over, knocking the marine off the LAAG before he had a chance to fire. The Sergeant opened

fired yelling curses over the gun as the privates opened up. Something grabbed the sergeant as he was yanked into the darkness screaming and fumbling for his shotgun. He got a shot off before he screamed one more time.

The privates back up into each other as they searched for what was attacking them, all breathing heavily.

"What the hell was that?"

"I don't know."

A rustle was heard to the left of the marines and they all turned and fire on the spot. Bullets ripped apart the tree like plant and made holes in the snow/sand.

"Let's get inside!" One of the privates yelled and dashed off into the darkness. His comrades followed. They opened fired at any sound that wasn't made; there were a lot of them as they made a 5-meter dashed to the glowing doors. Suddenly the marine to the left vanished and screamed as he opened fire with his gun, emptying the clip in his gun before he died.

"Shit! Run!" The marine yelled. He ran up to the door and it popped open on his presence. He was about to step inside when a creature sprang out of the shadows and dragged him into the darkness knocking off his helmet.

The Marine grabbed his pistol as he looked for a target. Nothing. The video echoed a grunt and the marine slowly turned around. A 1.5-meter tall figured stood there for a split second before it pounced. The marine fired his pistol three times before his helmet was knocked off and he was dragged into the darkness. The Video ended when the marine echoed one last scream and the video recorded a flat line on his vitals. It then ended 5 seconds later.

As the light came on, the Admiral was stunned by what he saw. He stood there for a minute pondering what this could mean. Have they stumbled upon what destroyed the covenant stationed here?

## 8. Betrayed

Spartan Training

By: Natination

Author notes: I like to thank everyone that's done a review, and actually read my stories. I would thank you individually, but you know who you are. Also I note that I forgot the disclaimer, thus I shall do it now. I do not own bungie (though I DEARLY wish I did) and nothing of halo 2 or halo except for the characters that were created in my mind.

"Hmmmâ€|. " Admiral Snooker said. "Whatever the hell this ring is, we're destroying it. No sense in keeping it around, the Covenant is after it, thus it's important enough to block.

"Spartans assemble the ODST's and Marines, take out the ring. Make sure you stay away from that grid right there on the ring. He pointed

towards where the marines had been killed mysteriously.

"Sir, yes sir!" Sam said. "Let's go to work."

"We're tried to keep them busy as long as we can. Destroy the ring." Admiral Snooker said. "There be sending more troops to destroy us now they know we're here."

"YES sir." Nate said.

"Dismissed." Snooker said. "I have to get back to the bridge."

"Patton, ready the two AI's for them. Make sure their ready to go. Have the Cole scavenger ready to go at a moments notice."

"Yes sir." Patton said. "I'll do it like any old soldier will do."

"Transfer to the bridge, I'll need you on tactics." Snooker ordered Patton. The AI closed down the halo tank as he opened one of the many holo tanks on the bridge.

Sam and Nate were already down the hallway as 50 ODST's and Marines behind them.

"Orbital Drop Shock Troopers, Follow me!" Sam yelled.

"Marines, follow me!" Nate said. They split off at the armory as Marines grabbed supplies and guns along the way. Nate headed towards the fleet of pelicans as over 200 marines were behind him. Starting to get ready for an invasion on the ring.

The ODST's were going to be the first to drop on the ring. The HEV was a small capsule that dropped down into the ground like a missile. Except that it carried a marine inside.

"How do we go down?" Sam yelled.

"Feet first into hell sir!" The ODST's yelled the tradition. Unlike the rest of the 3 divisions of ODST's, these guys were loyal to the Spartans. Almost all had "volunteer" for the mission in which they all had their lives saved by a Spartan.

"To the pods." Sam yelled. Everyone climbed into their own pod that had their name stenciled on it. With 2 marines with them, they each made sure everything was ready to go on a moments notice. They banged on each pod to make sure everyone was all right.

One then proceeded to press the alert button that a drop was about to occur. The pods then dropped 10 seconds later into the vacuum of space and headed straight for the ring world. They entered the atmosphere at high speeds as the pods coordinated their positions to the Sam's location and the Command pod. They all landed in a 2 by 2 kilometer area.

Meanwhile Nate organized the pelicans for an orbital decent. The 73 pelicans were loaded with everything needed to fight a small war, including 18 scorpion tanks and 50 warthogs.

"Let's bring in the heavy demolition men!" Nate yelled as they headed for the drop zone. As the pelicans entered the atmosphere, the ride got rough. Gear vibrated around as some gear popped out of their slots and rattled around on the floor. No one got up to store the gear.

All 75 pelicans zooming in for the drop zone looked like an awesome sight to Sam. No way in hell could the covenant survive this? "Let's move it men!" Sam said. The AI he carried was recently booted and called itself Firefly.

"We lost 15 men out of the 120 that did the HEV drop. Everyone has most of their gear and is now humping here." Firefly said. Sam thought it was strange how they didn't meet any resistance yet. Surely there must be something out here to stop us.

"Grab 12 warthogs and we're take them to a type of control room we found from deep sensors. " Nate said. "I need 34 ODST's now."

2 minutes later ODST's were formed as other squadrons moved out. 150 or so men were going to setup alpha base, with defenses of course. No need to not have a place to regroup if anything goes FUBAR.

The group headed towards the control room, which was a battlefield of some sort, so it made sense that the covenant had holed up in the control room as a last stand on the ring. It was difficult in reaching, but it was possible. 3 hours later the group had driven the warthogs into the bottom of the battle. It had snaked all the way up a pyramid of sorts to the top. The first thing Nate noticed was the massive amounts of dead bodies. They were the creatures that had ambushed the four men alright. 4 legs, long tail, all black with spines running up the back. Covenant Vehicles laid about everywhere, banshees, ghosts, Wraiths. All wreckage, there was probably over 50 vehicles totaled. The battle was from a while ago, no smoke or anything was emitting like a battle that happened hours or days ago. Not even a week.

The ODST's unsure of the bodies moved very carefully though the battlefield. They found other dead Aliens too. These were unlike any they have seen though. Skeleton remains of humanoids. Plasma guns on their shoulders with what seemed to be two blades strapped to their left wrist as weapons. There were spears and buzz-saw like weapons all over the place.

"They sure did give these black bastards hell." One ODST remarked.

"Make sure you don't touch the bodies, their blood is acid." Nate said. He regretted the remark because he knew the marines were now going to ask him how he knew.

"Are the aliens that are defending covenant? They got equipment like the covenant." An ODST asked.

"I don't think so..." Nate asked. They picked their way up the sloping pyramid fortress finding more aliens lying around. There was even a stack of dead black bodies like it was a sandbag fort at one point.

"Looks like a one side battle to me." The same ODST remarked.

"You can shut the hell up now Private." A sergeant nearby said.

As they reached the top of the pyramid Patton finally said something.

"Nate it looks like the ODST was correct, one sided battle, the black aliens won." Patton remarked. "The control room is two blast doors down this hallway here."

The doors were 25 feet tall with holes melted right though. A stack of black bodies barricaded the way. They planted a C-17 charge near the bodies and got the hell out of the way. The black Bodies flew away as the door's collapsed under the pressure and a sickly crushed was heard. More dead skeletons of the defenders were inside.

The ODST's moved military style in two by two as they checked the inside. Nate and Sam were on point. They reached a second set of doors which were halfway melted from the floor up. Dozens of black alien bodies lined the way. Pools of their blood hissed and spat. The ODST's avoided the pools at all costs. The control room showed the entire solar system with the ring as the center. An icon was blinking for who knows how long as the ODST's the dead defenders more numerous moved here away. It was a last ditch effort for them against overwhelming odds. Nate pressed the blinking symbols as a holo screen popped up. It showed R'tek saying something in his language. Patton recorded the message as he tried to crack the language barrier. He succeeded in under 30 seconds.

"Did you translate it?" Nate asked quickly.

"Yes. It's still a bit frag-"Patton said.

"Play it." Nate interrupted.

The recording played over again.

Halo installation 2 has fallen; I repeat halo installation 2 has fallen. We tried to the aliens before they could multiple fast enough but it was too late. 15 of us are all that's left of the 200 on the ring. Something hissing the back round as the blast doors came into view. They are killing each other so the acid will eat though the door. We don't have much time left. I must regret that the search for the humans we helped on earth was not successful. The time device that they took was left behind as they entered the Ruki in the building. We successfully estimated the Aliens and Covenant on the planet and promptly left before we could be seen. The doors hissed and a hole appeared. Start firing—"someone yelled. Plasma bolts hissed thought he air and entered the hole as it came larger. Aliens swarmed in as the bottom half of the door fell apart under the acid and the aliens charged in. Battle cries from the predators were all that was left. As R'tek said one thing.

"Activate the halo. Authority code  
3594930139493-39439ajb993489A34"

A roar of battle cries as the a light emitted from the center of the control room and shot out into the other side of the ring by opening panels in the roof. R'tek was deadâ€| so were the predatorsâ€|

"Patton was the aliens that built the ring."

"Accessing archive, yes they were. The Covenant now calls them the forerunners." Patton said.

"Damnâ€|. Halo is a weaponâ€|. Of sorts. We got to report Snooker that the ring must be destroyed."

"I highly doubt I would order the destruction of the ring, Spartans." Snooker said. One of the ODST's had set up an emergency SATCOM up.  
"We're using it to destroy the covenant."

"Sir, we can't." Nate protested.

"ODST's!" A rang of cocking guns rang up as Nate and Sam faced 34 ODST's. No one moved as the ODST's aimed their MA5B's and assorted weaponry at the Spartans. Nate and Sam aimed their MA5B's and pistols all around as they put their backs against one another.

#### 9. Kill or be killed

Spartan Training By: Natination

"I have considered your argument and I know it's better to keep this halo around." Admiral Snooker said. "We can let the scientists at the Reach pop over for a visit and look around."

"Sir, I respect remind you that halo IS NOT a tourist attraction. Its -" Patton said.

"Patton, you disobeyed by orders by going with the Spartans. Why?" Admiral Snooker asked.

"Sir, Q can handle system security better then I can in a million years." Patton explained. "Since I'm effective in ground operations, it would have been best for me to come along."

Admiral Snooker seemed to be holding his temper over the SATCOM. He was probably in his private quarters with an identical square grey box and was busy trying to figure out how to manipulate a situation he couldn't see.

"Colonel, secure the control room." Admiral Snooker said. "I'll prepare a short burst transmission to reach to send a research vessel here."

"Yes Sir." The Colonel next to the SATCOM said. The Colonel walked over to the Sam and Nate who were in the way of the control panel.  
"Spartans, please move I have orders."

"I'm authorizing protocol 353 article 3 paragraphs 4 of the UNSC code. In the event that an officer makes a mistake in which it will endanger the entire human race with no way to avoid it, a soldier is authorized to neglect an order." Nate said automatically. "Admiral Snooker I render your order invalid."

"Spartans 064 and 065 you are out of line! Colonel DO as I said." Admiral Snooker ordered. Something thumped on the other side of the

SATCOM.

"Colonel, do not force me to hurt you. The UNSC needs every soldier." Nate said. "And hurting you will make me mad because I'm forced to do it. Take one more step and I will stop you."

"Colonel..." Admiral Snooker yelled.

The Colonel seemed to be stuck in the middle, get an admiral mad at him, or worse, get a Spartan pissed off. His choice was a hard one. He apparently decided not to get admiral anger. He put a step forward. Nate did a small kick to the chest or what he thought was a small kick and the colonel ended up 3 meters a way.

"ODST's, Kill the Spartans now!" Admiral snooker yelled.

"You men will be spared a death if you lay down your weapons and head to the east corner of the room. He pointed towards the where the holographic sun was.

No one moved.

"So be it." Nate said.

"Admiral, I'll be on my way up to kick your ass personally... Sir." Sam said. He pointed his pistol at the SATCOM and fire twice at it. It sparked and twisted as the anti personnel rounds exploded inside it. The ODST's opened fire with everything they had from that point onward. Everything was too slow for Nate. He threw a grenade at a group of 3 ODST's and another to a group of 5. He charged forward firing his pistol as he went. 8 men tumbled around after the grenades ignited, and men dropped to the floor. Seconds later 28 ODST's lay on the floor.

Sam grabbed the time device. It hummed as it glowed, like it was recognizing someone. A light emitted from it like a star and Sam vanished as he turned around holding it like a grenade. He gave an Ah-shit body look shortly before the light enveloped him. The device dropped to the floor, rolled towards Nate.

"Sam... Sam..." Nate said. "Sam?"

"Damn it." Nate said. "I have to stop admiral Snooker though"

"He grabbed two pistols on his way out from a dead ODST as he headed for the blast doors. He cradled the time device with one hand, holding the second pistol with the other. He found a Satchel bag for C-17, which was empty. He put the device in it and put it on his backpack. He didn't want to lose the damn thing.

"He grabbed his sidearm pistol and slammed fresh clips into each pistol as he walked towards the closed blast doors with the holes in it from the Xenomorphs. He activated the holo controls with the butt end of one pistol and the doors started to open. He walked out desperado style with his pistols at his sides. 2 marines were kneeled down aiming at him.

"Are you men looking to die?" Nate asked.

"Orders, Sir." One Marine said. They opened fire after that. Nate

raised his pistols and started shooting as well. 4 rounds went into one of the men as the other dropped behind a rock. The marine with the 4 rounds gave one last breath before he died.

Nate emptied one pistol out of its ammo and though to the ground. He readied a Fragmentation grenade and rolled it to the rock. The ODST hiding behind the rock was busy lunging out and firing and escaping the blast radius of the grenade. He didn't make it as the grenade did a WHUMP as he went down.

Nate got out his secondary weapon, a S2 AM sniper rifle as he glanced around. There were 6 men total stationed outside. He heard a Jackhammer fire from up above. Nate did a half roll as he took a small portion of the blast, which saved him. His shields went down to half as he rolled around and lay on his back with the sniper rifle aiming up. The ODST stationed on the roof got a bullet to the chest and tumbled 20 feet to the ground. No ordinary human could survive that. Dropping the sniper rifle on the ground Nate pulled out his pistol again. He glanced around and saw 3 men charge out at him. They fired as they went going full auto. Nate fired two rounds into the center man and he went down. Bullets pinged off his shields as they started to drain. He fired 4 more rounds and the other men went down.

"Bloody waste of good men." Nate muttered to himself as he trotted down the battle stricken pyramid. He found a working ghost and did a couple of tests to make sure he knew all the controls. He moved down the small passages ways, which weren't too small for a ghost. He went at full speed as he made his way to the waiting warthogs at the end of the tunnel. He took one and zigzagged his way back to the perimeter of Alpha base.

It was easy to get past the guards and commandeer a pelican and supplies. Mainly because one pelican contained weapons and supplies and it was unguarded. No bothered to wonder why the pelican was lifting off as Nate realized that there were at least 5 or so pelicans moving supplies to Alpha base. So he fitted right in.

The Landing was a problem because apparently everyone "thought" the Spartans had gone rogue or something. They were chatting about the possibly of a few dozen losses if he got on the ship. Like hell there would be a dozen losses. More like hundreds. He put the pelican in autopilot and had it land on a hanger that wasn't being used. He looked at the weaponry the pelican was carrying. Parts of a LAAG, 6 MA5B's with 600 bullets each. There were 12 pistols with 200 rounds total. 4 sniper rifles with 24 rounds each. 4 shotguns with 56 shell each. He noticed it was mostly standard carrying for the rounds with the weapons. He grabbed a shotgun and a newer pistol. He slammed a fresh clip in as he felt the pelican hit the hanger dock floor. About now someone would be asking why a pelican landed here when it's the other hanger further down the ship that pelicans were going in and out of. Grabbing a 180 pistol rounds and 76 shotgun shells Nate put the taped the extra clips onto his body. He had two belts of shotgun shells going shoulder to waist and one worn like a belt. He also grabbed 8 Fragmentation grenades. No sense coming into a battle under prepared. Nate opened the door to the pelican as he pointed the shotgun around. He looped it around his other shoulder and pulled out the pistol.

"Delta Company to Hanger C, prepare for dust-off at control room."

Announcer said as he exited the pelican.

Shit. They were going to secure the control room. Possible activate halo on accident. Then they would all die. The covenant would get Halo and wipe out the human race once and for all.

10. When all else fails press the red button

Spartan Training By: Natination

He hurried to an open door and crept down the hallway. He walked down another corridor and stopped short. Crewmen walked out of his bunkroom yawning and hit the Spartan from behind. He gave a yell and hit the alert button next to the entrance to the bunkroom. It alerted that an intruder was onboard.

"Damn it." Nate said. He elbowed the crewmen into the wall, cracking his neck and primed a Fragmentation Grenade and threw it into the bunkroom. Men screamed as a WHUMP went off inside the room. Nate charged down the hallway shooting unvarying marines and crewmen as he made his way around the ship. He had probably wounded 30 men and killed 20 by the time he got to a ladder to the command deck.

He climbed up the ladder taking out his shotgun. He glanced around as he headed for the bridge. Despite the alarm of an intruder on board, there were only 6 marines stationed at the bridge. Nate had no choice but to take them out. Nate pulled out his pistol and slung his shotgun to the side for easy access for later. He flipped around the corridor from the metal plate hiding him and opened fire. He fired all 12 shots in his pistol and flipped to the other hiding spot. He took a glance around the corner. He had gotten 4 out of the 6 marines. He loaded his pistol as the marines called for backup. The empty clip hit the floor as it slid out of the magazine slot and he slammed a fresh clip into its spot. He cocked it and put it in his holster. He grabbed his shotgun and made a mad dash towards them firing as he went. He broke the neck of one marine who was frantically reloading his pistol and fired his shotgun at the other. The Marine who was shot flew backwards into the bridge and slumped to the floor. Nate walked into the bridge, frighten looks from the bridge crew glanced at him as Nate looked around.

"Where's the admiral?" Nate asked.

"Are you going to kill us all?" One man asked.

"No, I'm looking for the admiral before the stupid son of a bitch kills us all." Nate explained. "This ring isn't a weapon, it's a fucking-"

"He's down on the surface heading towards the control room with three companies of men." One of the bridge officers said.

"Well then, I'll go down there and have a chat with him and my friend." Nate glanced at the pistol. "If any covenant show up, blow the hell out of this ring. I'll be commandeering 4 of your nuclear mines."

"Yes 4 mines ought to be enough." Patton said.

"Make that 5." Nate said. "Have someone load them onto a pelican and bring it down to the control room."

"Sir... Isn't this treason?" One member asked.

"No. We're protecting the human race and the men and women on REACH from the mistake this admiral is making." Nate said. "I have to go. You have your orders, get it done."

"Withdraw alpha base once I give you signal. Get the hell out of here." Nate said.

"Sir, what about you?"

"I'll be sitting nears the nukes to make sure they go off." Nate said.

"Yes sir." The bridge officer said. "There be ready by the time you get down there."

He seemed to be thoroughly convinced that the ring was a weapon. Nate ran down the way he came as he saw the pelican loaded with the 5 nukes. He powered up the pelican as the last nuke was carried onboard.

5 minutes later a pelican was headed directly towards the control center, the doors were still open. The pelican crashed straight though as Nate jumped out of the open back of the pelican. He flew down at 120 miles per hour as he started to think this WASN'T a good idea. He landed in the snow that cushioned his fall, but he landed and made his own small crater.

He climbed out of the crater as he saw a group of marines heading for his position. He decided to play dead. There were three of them, easy to take out. One marine gestured to the "dead" Spartan as they ran towards his body. Looking out for any traps two of them turned around and looked around.

"The Admiral Wants his head, if we bring it in, we got shore leave for 3 months." One Marine said.

"Sounds good to me." Another said.

The marine who first spoke pulled out a combat knife and edged slowly towards the Spartan. He went to do a throat cutting action as Nate's hand shot up and grabbed the knife. Ripping it out of the marine's hand he gave the marine a slight kick, which sent him sprawling 3 feet away. The other two marines started to turn around as Nate slashed the knee joints and crippled them with pain to the ground. He slit each marine's throat. Nate stopped as she felt the barrel of a shotgun pressed against the back of his head.

"You don't want to do this..." Nate said.

"Yeah, well I think I do, you just killed my two friends." The marine remarked. "Now I'm going to blow your brains out."

"I don't think so." Nate said. He ducked and did a low kick to the marine's legs, he tumbled to the ground as he pressed the shotgun trigger and fired one shot in the air. Nate threw the combat knife at

the marine it lodged in his throat and he gurgled for air. He gave one last breath as Nate broke his neck.

"Why didn't you just listen to me?" Nate said frustrated.

He got up and grabbed the shotgun and its ammo. He looked around for a pistol and didn't find any, just some MA5B's. He grabbed one of those and 600 rounds from the marines.

He made his way slowly up the pyramid running into mini-forts along the way with marines stationed in them. They opened fire with turrets and guns at him as he tried to make his way up it. He was forced to dispatch them. When he had finally gotten passed them, he glanced around. There were probably 20 or so marines left somewhere. He walked through the open blast doors to see the pelican there with the nuclear payload. No one had bothered to even touch the pelican or the nuclear warheads. Good.

He sent a small burst transmission signaling withdraw of Alpha-base and get the hell out of here in 15 minutes. He set the timer for the nuclear warheads for 20 minutes. He also had a small switch or button, which he would press that would either terminate the nuclear warheads or set them so they couldn't be stopped.

Climbing out of the pelican he readied his MA5B and made his way down the hallway. He saw a squadron of 5 marines open fire at him. He threw a Fragmentation grenade and went full auto on his MA5B. The marine's were dead as he pressed the button.

10 marines were facing the doorway. They were lined up with 5 kneeling and 5 standing behind them. Nate calmly walked towards them. The Admiral was at the holo controls and grabbed a shotgun when he saw the Spartan entered.

"Whoever doesn't want to die, put down your weapons? This isn't your battle-" Nate said. Three shots rang out from the old Admiral with his shotgun Nate knew he couldn't avoid the shots. The first two took out his shields and the third blew apart his armor. He slumped down to the ground. Blood oozed from a hole above his hip, he wouldn't survive 10 minutes. A message scrolled across his screen that the UNSC ship Peacemaker saying it had received its orders and is leaving the solar system. Alpha base had been Evac and no one would save the 10 marines here. The marines stepped away and lowered their weapons. Nate grinned as he pressed the button to detonate the warheads.

"You men did good. We saved Earth from destruction." Nate said to the soldiers. They lined up and saluted as everyone looked at the admiral.

"Damn you, what have you done?" the Admiral whispered.

"Saved humanity from stupid bitches like you." Nate said. He felt the heat from the device in the backpack and the nuclear explosion went off. He felt a slip space eruption and he felt like he was being teleported before the blast had reached the control and vaporize everything within its radius.

1 days mission time. The watch officer, Jimmy Dates watched the nuclear blasts enveloped the control center and the ring began to shatter. Parts of it flew into other the side. The ring has gone off

a split second before the ring had torn apart. Three pelicans were turned to atoms in an instant as they returned to the peacemaker. He wondered what happened to the admiral and the Spartan as the ring fragments slowly rotated in space.

"Take us to slip space. Let's get back to REACH." Jimmy Dates said.

"Sir... Priority Alpha message from REACH, Sent to your data pad." The Communications officer said.

The officer opened up his data.

FROM: REACHONI SECTION 3 TO: ALL REMAINING SHIPS

REACH HAS BEEN FOUND ALL SHIPS ARE TO AVOID THIS PLANET AT ALL COST. DO NOT COME TO HELP. BATTLE HAS BEEN LOST. REPEAT BATTLE HAS BEEN LOST. ALL SHIPS PROCEED TO THE NEAREST OUTPOSTOR FOLLOW THE COLE PROTOCOL TO EARTH.

FROM, ADMIRAL STANDFORTH COMMANDER OF SECTION 3 ONI

Reach has been annihilated? Impossible. No it was possible, but still reach was the last stronghold of the earth Empire. Survival of the human race shrank to weeks now. The nearest stronghold was the Alpha Centurion base. It was approximately two days away from a slip space jump.

"Initializing jump to REACH sir." The Helm officer reported.

"Belay that, we got new orders, head to the Alpha Centurion base." Jimmy was stunned. He needed some whiskey or something heavy after he got off duty. The chance of survival for human race was almost gone now. It was now a run and hide game. As the slip space eruption merged with the ship he wondered if how long he would live now.

## 11. Debriefing

Part 2

Halo: Branded as Traitors

By: Natination

Nate appeared on the UNSC Peacemaker as it tore though space heading to a somewhat nearby outpost. The mood was low aboard as every heard about how the two Spartans "died" trying to destroy the halo. On his way though his dull and boring patrol route, a marine found Nate lying on the floor and reported that a Spartan had appeared on deck. Nate was too weak but he did think up a wise crack "I decided to drop in" As lights flashed by him he thought he was probably on his way to surgery. At Least it wasn't the light at the end of the tunnel. Nate didn't want to die... just yet. He wanted to know where he was going when he fell into a deep sleep.

3 days later

"Welcome back sir." A doctor said. "We're almost done docking with

Alpha Centuri outpost. There is going to be a briefing on what happened at halo. Some of the remaining top brass is there. The rest fled to earth."

"So when is the meeting?" Nate asked.

"Can you walk?" The doctor asked.

"Yeah." Nate said.

"Well right now, they exspcally wanted to talk to you." the Doctor said. "particually about what the admiral was doing."

Nate got up and found himself in his uniform. The doctor seemed to notice that nate was wondering why.

"Your armor is basically destoryed spartan, sorry, nothing we can do, perhaps the commitee has bought parts from earth for you to build a new one." The doctor said. "The remaining chunks of your armor is in your locker."

"Ah.. ok." Nate said.

"Can you find your way?" the Doctor asked.

"Yeah I can." Nate said. "I know the shortest route."

It only took a small jog for the spartan to reach the entrance tunnel to the outpost. Walking down it as marines and other supplies were marched onboard. It seemed no one was in a happy mood. Nate was particually in rough shape too. Master Chief, the others, and now sam gone meant that he would be the only spartan left in the UNSC. That wasn't a particually cheerful thought.

As he walked towards the conferance room for high officers, he found 4 marines there ready to shoot to kill. They checked his identiy twice before he was able to walk though the door. The briefing room was lit (strangely) with 3 officers and seavral aides around a horseshoe like table. There was about 13 chairs for the officers of the Peacemaker. All but one was filled currently.

"Spartan take a seat." the Officer said harshly. "Your late, but due to the fact that you were apparently shot at close range with a shotgun three times, i'm sirprised your even awake let alone alive."

Nate didnt say a word as he took his seat, he noticed all the officers were nervously seated like uponing here if they were to live or die.

"According to the mission record you met resistance on the ring that wasn't covenant. the officer stated directly at Nate. "The Xenomorphs their called by the covenant and data gathered from patton."

"Yes sir, we lost 4 men to them and two warthogs when we were exploring parts of the ring." Nate said. "We encountered bodies near the control room, possibly thousands of them. Due to the acidic nature of their blood, it was impossible at the time to transport thebodies for further study without risking sereve damage to the ship."

"How?" The officer stated.

"Sir?" Nate stated.

"How come it was so dangerous?" The officer said again.

"The Acidic blood ate though metal that was so much stronger then our ship, i highly doubt we could even get very far even without slipspace." Nate said.

"Couldn't you trap or capture one of them alive?" Another officer siad. "It would have been nice to have something to study."

"Sir, the only thing you can do to the Xenomorph is kill it, and on a ship, hope to hell that the acid doesn't reach the outer hull... Sir." Nate said.

"You could have devised a way to capture them without spilling their blood." One officer said.

"Sir, these are very vicious and extremely smart creatures, i highly doubt we would be able to contain them for long." Nate said. the Warrent officers seemed to be ressured that the spartan was explaining why they did what they did. "If they got out and mulitiplied, we would have lost the peacemaker and any ship that came within contact with what was left of us."

"Well it was a minor loss considering about halo. Now Tell me WHY you disobeyed direct orders and destoryed halo?" The officer said. It was pretty plain he despised all the spartans as a whole. He was trying to find every nick or pick to nail the spartan and kill him or something.

"Sir, The admiral was about to activate halo on a local basis, which would have destoryed everything within its 220 light year, including this outpost, Reach, and any ship that isn't in slipspace." Nate explained. "He also failed to relize that activating halo also meant his death as well. From what patton told me at the time when he went into a forerunner data core and from the battle field, halo was meant to hold the Xenomorphs and this... flood. We did not engage any flood though while on the ring though."

"Logically." The officer admitted sourly, he was apparently going to wash his mouth out with soup afterwhat he was about to say."And putting in how much total damage would have been done, it was a wise choice to make."

The Debriefing continued on as They tried to pick off any detail and find any fault in Nate and Sam's choice to destory halo. They even seemed a bit glad something had happened to Sam, as if it was one less problem for them to deal with. By the end and orders had been given, the Peacemaker was at minimal strength. 20 bridge crew members, 50 mataince personell, 200 marines fresh out of boot. They were left with 40 pelicans with 6 scorpain tanks and 30 warthogs. The fuel was too much to all take off so they decided to keep most of it in there. The longsword pilots were almost all transferred except for 60 and their fightercraft plus a few extras.

Stationed on Alpha Centuri, it was a massive installation. Guarded by

it's own three MAC guns, it was going to be hard to take out. 2 cruisers that Master Chief and the rest of the spartans were stationed here outfitted with MAC cannons and a few missile tubes. There were a small fleet of escort ships and smaller craft going about their duty.

just out of reach of sensor's, 4 capital ships each with a escort of a frigate and destoryer exited out of slipspace in perfect formation. A carrier with 3 destoryers exited just behind them. This human stronghold would not surivie against this onslaught.

## 12. Mini supernova

Part 2

Branded as Traitors

By: Natination

A/N: Well, i decided to continue my series though here, and for you branded as traitor's orginals, i replaced them and decided to add two charaters to the mix and rewrite everything. Do not worry, everything will be alright.

The Station's sensor's blared a warning that covenant ships were inboard.

Nate had resided to a distant hallway over looking the MAC systems. With his chemical enhanced eyes he saw the purple hull of the covenant ships heading this way. He was already donning his new suit without even relizing it. It was the Mark VI fresh out of being produced. it had seavral new features that he hadn't had a chance ot test out just yet. He had suited up all but the helmet, and it snapped shut with a snap and a hiss. Improved shields impressive. He didn't have any time to waste, the Peacemaker would be departing either to engage or destory the enemy. There was covenant to kill and extintion of the human race depended on killing every one of them.

Meanwhile in the control room:

The three officers watched as the covenant ships appoached. they ordered the halcyon class ships and the Peacemaker to defend the station. Like they had a spit chance in hell holding off 20 covenant ships.

"More slipspace ruptions sir! 40 more covenant ships have appeared, all heading inbound on our position." The tech grimly said.

"Line them up and fire!" One of the officer in charge said. three whumps soon followed and three ships were decapitated. Cheer's erupted as the ships exploded. They had taken them out before their shields had gone up. Two destoryers and a frigate had met their doom.

"Launch Longswords! engage enemy single ships, fire at will at closet covenant ship with MAC cannons, open fire with chain guns." The same officer said taking charge as the other two sliently watched. The station was equiped with 50mm chain guns in overlapping fields of

fire for station to fighter combat. "Launch a wave of Shiva nuclear warheads at Carrier A and B and Cruiser A and C. set proximity detonators at 500 meters"

20 shiva nuclear missiles launched from hidden compartments as they headed for their targets. They whistled their way to their targets as the covenant ships did evasive maneuvers. It hit carrier A and blew it to pieces. One cruiser was hit by a nuclear warhead and survived by the teeth of its skin before a MAC cannon ended its suffering. Ships were falling fast on the covenant ship's yet they didn't do a lick against them. Something was up. A change in tactic's.

"We have inbound enemy fighters from underneath the station sir! their heading for the MAC cannons!" A tech said from his console.

"Tell the squad 3 and 4 to engage!"

"Engage Demise."

On the peacemaker the ship was racking up kills quickly as it launched its MAC rounds. A frigate and destroyer was gone and Cruiser A had been able to avoid the nuclear warheads but not the 3 MAC rounds heading for it. It slammed straight into the nose and listed to starboard as the second hit its middle and torn through it and third blew apart its reactor.

The covenant ships must have had enough because they full streamed ahead firing like crazy.

Jimmy dates was the current CO on the bridge as fired quick orders. The Stress was wearing him down as he tried to give orders as fast as he could. The bridge crew wasn't holding up as well either, they were trying to do multiple tasks at once as they listened for orders. Nate had gotten on the Peacemaker 3 minutes before it left the docking station. He was standing quietly as Jimmy dates gave orders. There was a console no one was looking at and Nate looked at it. It showed a heat bloom in the middle of the station. it slowly started to go higher and higher.

"Warrent officer..." Nate asked.

"What is it spartan?" Jimmy said.

"Take a look at the station, their's a sudden heat bloom smack dab in the middle of it." Nate said.

Jimmy looked at the infared screen as he seemed puzzled. "No... this can't be.."

"Sir, the halcyon class May flower has been blown apart."

"A escort ship has left the battlefield from the station, carrying the three officers somewhere. Their stationed just out of system." A bridge crew member said.

"No... this can't be.. it can't be.." Jimmy said. He was looking at a heat bloom of something. Then he said in a shaking voice. "It is... Helm, prepare for a slipspace jump! alert the other 4 Halcyon class ships to jump to slipspace at once!"

"Sir... message has been sent." The communications officer said.  
"Their following our lead."

"We got to punch a hole in thier lines, tell station MAC cannons to fire at Charlie and Delta Frigates. Our MAC cannons take out Beta Cruiser and Vince Carrier. Have the Halcyon's take out Zulu destoryer before it cuts us to pieces." Jimmy yelled.

"I can't belive their going to do it." Jimmy said. "Their going to create a mini supernova."

"A what?" Nate asked.

"120 nuclear warheads going off at the same time." Jimmy said. "It'll kill everything within a lightyear of here. Including all these covenant ships."

Another group of 12 covenant ships jumped in system. bring the the total strength the of covenant fleet back up to missing 6 ships. The station MAC cannons were able to knock out 2 with the help of the Peacemaker another 2 was destoryed as well.

Plasma and human weapons going everywhere as it was crazy and hard to keep track of everything that was going on.

"Sir, only the Mist remains!" One tech said. "Their trying to follow us!"

"Tell them to jump somewhere other then here!" Jimmy said. The order came to late as a plasma turpedo slammed staight into the bridge of the Mist. Screams prior to the impact could be heared over the communcation officer's headset. The Mist kept going with no one at the controls and slammed into a frigate and expoded taking the frigate with it.

"UNSC Peacemaker!" A voice over the intercomm said. "Enagage the enemy! Dont let them hurt the station, we're on it!"

"Bullshit." Jimmy replied. "By the way, your nuclear arsenal is going to go off and you still need to go another 12000 meter's before reaching safe levels of radation and heat wave. You wont Make it."

The Slipspace ruption eneveloped the Peacemaker as the Covenant ships headed towards system.

On the escort ship Hammerhead, chaos reigned on the bridge as they tried to get their vessel far enough away. The blast was too bright to look at it as it totaled the MAC cannons and the 300 personell and 150 marines stationed on it . It continued to envelop ships like a mad dog eating food as all ships broke contact and tried to flee. As it gathered momentum it ate though the lines of the covenant ships as they all did evasive maniver's against the horried human weapon.

Whoever was on the bridge at the time was screaming as the shockwave tore though the small ship and burned it down to particales.

Meanwhile the Covenant Commanding captial ship \_Lighting Judgment escaped the blast of the heatwaveTora'Sulmee was commander of the ship and had barely manage to get out in time. the human weapon alone had wiped out over 40 covenant ships of all sizes. As the blast cleared he saw he was the only survivor left. The Prophet (though minor) was still higher ranking then him and scorned him for not knowing about the weapon. Who could have known the humans would have built a weapon as mighty as the fore runner ship on high charity? The Brute commander ordered him to be exiled in prisino for this crime. Crime of not knowing what? He did not know the answer. Pershaps he should. Maybe the prophets were-... He banished the thought from his mind as he paced his cell. He must have done something wrong. He began to go over the long list of things that could have gone wrong when he noticed something. A shape uncurled itself and rose up to nearly his height and was in a tattered uniform. It still bore symbols that all elites feared to face even though thier too proud to admit it. Spartan. Here was a human that was a well trained soldier and knew how to fight a elite hand to hand. Even without Armor. The elite still had his armor but he knew it gave him little edge.

"This could be a little messy..." Sam grinned. "I haven't killed anything in for a while except for that elite who came in here 49 hours ago."

Shoka'Sulmee backed into the the force field as he readied to defend himself. This could get a bit gorey.

### 13. Battered and Truely Betrayed

Part 2

Halo: Branded as Traitors

By: Natination

As slipspace was going about them, (there wasn't much to see at all) everyone breathed a sigh of relief, they had prolonged thier life and destoryed over 60 covenant ships.

"Sir, i'm going over a Communcation we had to relay to the Alpha Centuri, it's not good." A tech said.

"What?" Jimmy said. He clenched his teeth as he read the message.

Alpha pirorty burst transmission from: FleetHighComm,  
Earth

Greenlight to Demise. Greenlight to Demise once you have lured enemies to station. You have 5 halcyron class ships and the UNSC Peacemaker at your expense in the defense till supernova.

End tranmission.

"They met us to be destoryed... literally. They sent the message after they transfered the info about what happened to us." Jimmy said.

"Well... well." Nate said "Do i hear a go figure coming around..."

sir?"

"Spartan..." Jimmy said.

"Sorry sir." Nate said at once. "Sir, I have to go get ready for combat that is most likely to happen."

"Alright spartan." Jimmy said. He was apparently annoyed at the spartan's... outburst. When the spartan left Jimmy wondered if the Spartan was really a Spartan who was trained as a child or something else. Usually Spartans didn't have outbursts like marines. His record was outstanding in all areas except for combat, they hadn't been any just yet.

"Sir! Covenant ships approaching from Slipspace! They've spotted us and will be in firing range in 2 minutes. Battle strength is 1 frigate and a destroyer." A tech said.

"Code red battlestations! Battlestations!" Jimmy put his thoughts away about the spartan and focused on the job on hand.

A Covenant cruiser appeared out of slipspace as well.

"Can we make another slipspace jump before they get within firing range?" Jimmy asked.

"No sir, we need another 3 minutes." A tech called out.

"Alright, ready longswords and shiva nuclear missiles." Jimmy said.  
"Arm Archer Tubes A-G and prepare for boarders."

"Let's give them hell."

The Spartan had assembled the marines in Launch bay 3 which was located directly below the engine room.

"Alright men. This is it. The Covenant have caught us and we may die with none them of setting foot in this place." Spartan said.

"Boarding craft inbound! I repeat Boarding craft." Jimmy said.  
"Marine's to your defense stations."

"Alright men, look's like the covenant are coming over to play. Now, all of you know sarge Johnson correct?" The Spartan asked. He was a well decorated officer and was known for doing crazy things in combat. He was a marine corps all to himself. "Now, i remember seeing one time when i was younger, shortly before they shipped him and his squad out. Do you know what he said?"

"No sir!" The marines yelled. It was a old joke in the marine corps about what he said to his squad shortly before he went into one battle (which they won). One greenhorn acually took him literally and had taken a elite out and ripped his spinal cord out with his combat knife.

He said. When we go into combat, then I want you to rip their spinal cords and present them to me as trophy's! Am i right? Now the moral of the story is, give them hell, or i'll shoot you myself!"

"Sir, yes sir!" The marines said grinning.

"Alright move it out." Nate said.

"Squad's 3 and 7 your with me, the rest of your defense stations." Nate said. Clanging could be heared throughout the ship as the covenant ships latched onto the ships. "Squads 1,8 and 12 defend the bridge at all costs."

As the covenant poured from the boarding craft, they were met by frantic crewmen with pistols shooting at them. Most hadn't shot their pistols since training. They were easy to take out til the marines showed up and slashed though their raiding parties with their Assult Rifles, grunts, elites and jackels were ripped to shreds by the marines and nate.

Nate dodged left as he broke the spine of a elite firing at a Marine and fired a burst at a grunt sending him spawling to the ground. Everything seemed to be going fine till he saw a gray figure emerge with 2 other elites and charge the lines.

"Ah shit!" Nate said as he went behind a column. He turned and fire a short burst and readied a frag grenade. "Fire in the hole!"

The creature charged passed the column bent on killing nate when he shoved the frag grenade into it's handsalso lettingthe pin fly. Nate jumped clear as he heard a WHUMP! and a cry as the creature fell down,it got back up and started to go crazy. Nate fired a full clip of AR ammo into it before it hit the ground dead. the two elites with it were killed also by the marines who empited thier clips into them till they went down.

"That's it?" Nate asked. "That's their boarding parties? All teams check in."

"Ship is secured in engineering."

"Bridge is secured."

"Hanger 1 secured."

"Hanger 2 secured."

"Hanger 3 secured."

"Hanger 4 secured."

"Mac cannons secured."

"Defense station 1 secured."

"Defense station 2 secured."

"Defense station 3 secured."

"Defense station 4 secured."

Well... everything checks out nate thought. "Do three more sweeps, check everywhere and everything, make sure their isn't anything not human orgin onboard."

Nate made his way up to the bridge where he discovered a gore splattered corridor. Grunts, Jackels, elites and 4 of those grey apes or whatever lay there with seavral marine bodies.

The bridge team had lost only the few members and was pretty well holed up. When Nate entered the bridge he could see how close it was, there was plasma scorches of seavral bulkheads, it had been close. Too close for comfort.

Jimmy was sitted there looking at the wreaks of the covenant ships, they had managed to caught them off guard with the few seconds that their shields were down, except for the cruiser that had dissapeared into slipspace as soon as the destoryer was killed. they had lost 5 longswords and 25 marines in combat with 8 wounded. It wasn't bad for greenhorns.

"We were lucky and had the upper hand... this time." Jimmy said. "I think they thought we were depleted of supplies from the recent battle and thought to strike us when we were empty and defenseless. but of course, we now have 4 shots for each MAC cannon and half our archer tubes are depleted. "

"Yeah, this looks like it's gonna be tricky getting to a port of any kind, even a rebel." Nate said. "And the Covenant do not just give up, their be back."

"Damn right, and we're give them hell for thinking they can take us down." Jimmy replied. He started his routine patrol of looking over everyone's shoulders on the bridge at their view screens and made his way around in aclockwise rotation. It was going to be a sleepless trip this time.

#### 14. Unlikely allies

Halo: Branded as Traitors

By: Natination

Sam stood in a small crouch ready to kill the elite that had entered his cell. The elite seemed to be ready to fight but was put in this cell under different circumstances other then to get him. Which made him wonder, Should he kill a possible friend? He could kill the elite right now if he wanted to, it's armor didn't makea difference as his augmentations would give him the speed to break his spinal cord. His hand would hurt, but his oppenant would be down for the count... for good.

The Elite tapped a device as he activated something.

"So demon, are you going to try to kill me?" The elite said. "Or are you going to stand there?"

"I can and will kill you, but i always go with my gut and it's telling me that yourin here for doing something wrong."

"And can you tell me what exactly that is?" The elite said interested.

"No..." Sam paused. It was a unlikely reponese coming from a enemy. He didn't know why he was put in this cell. If so then...

"So are we going to talk or kill each other?" The Elite said. "I prefer to talk for this is not a worthy battlefield to kill such a opponent."

"Talk it is." Sam said. Sam sat down crosslegged as the elite stood there. apparently elites do not sit down sam thought, that was would be good intell... for uh something.

"How did you get aboard this ship spartan?" the elite asked.

"I dont know, one minute i am on halo, the next i'm here." Sam said.

"Another halo? prophets be praised." the elite said.

"Fuck your prophets, their the ones waging war against us. And tell me elite, why is it that you wish to kill us?"

The elite hesitated as he considered the question. "I do not know. We follow the prophets decree to the letter."

"So you follow them blindly?" Sam said.

"if you wish to put it that way , yes, they have never been wrong." the Elite said. "To say otherwise means your a heretic."

"Ah, so guys just follow along, being used like grunts." Sam said. A report from ONI said that the grunts were used like fodder and mostly just to distract a enemy from the bigger threats like you guys, hunters and jackels.

"We are not grunts!" his translator barked. The Elite was proably ready to tear his spinal cord out (if he could, sam was still wondering how much a threat this elite was).

"So... then how do you fit into all this?" Sam asked.

"I am the supreme commander of the 7 fleets." The elite said.

"So ,uh... how many exactly are in a fleet?" Sam asked, he was running out of things to talk about.

"Do not think i will not be fooled by your act to get intellence for your race as we burn them into the ground." the Elite said.

"Then why are you burning us to death when we have done nothing to you?" Sam asked.

"We..." The elite paused at the question.

"Good, he's now questioning his ethic's and religion... maybe." Sam thought. "still a dicey situation."

"Becuase our hierarchs ordered us to." Elite replied,extremely confient with his answer.

"And tell me, why did your hierarchs order this?" Sam asked.

"Only the hierarch's would know that, and they only need to know. They know the path to the great journey." The elite said. "All the creatures of the covenant shall walk the path side by side."

"You actually believe that crap?" Sam asked.

"Yes I do." the Elite said sternly.

"What if the Prophets are just using you?" Sam asked.

"What do you mean?" The Elite seemed to give in his defence and starting to listen.

"What if the prophets are using you and the race of the covenant to act like gods?" Sam asked.

"They can never be wrong." The Elite said stubbornly.

Sam looked at the elite as he tried to figure out a way to turn this elite. If he can get this elite to turn to the human cause... they would have almost unlimited intel. Especially if they gave it truthfully.

The Doors opened as Elites were marched in with grey creatures behind them that looked like apes. Sam looked as the hunters and other elites and grunts were put into cells roughly by the grey creatures and jackals. One of the elites yelled about being betrayed by the prophets. Sam turned to the elite in the cell.

"How sure are you of your prophets now?"

"What is the meaning of this?" The elite yelled and hammered on the shield in his cell.

The Chieftain of the brutes looked at the elite and growled. "You all are under arrest as for Traitors! You all talked to the human and devised a plan to kill the prophets!"

Everyone burst into rapid talking and the translator overloaded and shut down with so many beings talking at once. Most saying that they hadn't even seen the human before.

The 15 or so brutes in the room held weapons of all sorts, including a few human shotguns and grinned as they looked at the frantic fellow covenant.

Sam was hunched in the corner as he looked at the brute opening his cell. Two brutes roughly grabbed the elite and pinned him to the wall before carrying him over to the doors in the prison cell block. The Prophet entered and had disgusted looked at the feable lot before him.

"Let's get this over with." The prophet said. "Bring the supreme commander forth."

The Commander elite fought his escorts and was forced to bow before the prophet.

"Shoka'Sulmee, you have been convicted as a traitor." The prophet

said.he hovered in his chair with the in the robes of alower prophet.  
"Give him the mark of Treason."

A brute exited the room and seavral seconds later carried a device of somesort. The Elites removed his chest armor as the chieftan walked towards him.It was small but he placed it on the elite's chest as it glowed.Burning flesh was smelt thoughout the room as it sneared his flesh. in the end the symbol of theTreason was in its place.

"Kill everyone in this room." The Prophet said. "Chieftain, come back to the bridge when your done."

"Yes prophet, your will be done." the cheiftain said."Brutes! you heard him."

The brutes growled as they threw Shoka'Sulmee into the cell where sam was. He got up was bleeding from the symbol of treason in his chest.

Sam looked at the elite and readied to defend himself.

"This is going to be fun." Sam muttered as he grinned. "Let's kill some apes."

The brutes fired their plasma rifles and knocked a few grunts off their feet as the "traitors" were put to death. The 2 hunters bellowed and crushed one of the brutes with their shields in a pincer action.

Sam glanced over and grabbed a plasma rifle and started to open fire. The Brutes were suprising hard to taken down becuase of their tough skin seemed to repel plasma. The elites were either fighting hand to hand or duking it out with energy swords and other items. One elite grabbed a energy containter and crushed a brutes head in. The fighting was fierce but by the end, there was only a handful of them left. the hunters, 5 elites, 4 grunts and himself. Not exactly the type of fighting force he wanted.

The hunters growled at him as they gestured if they can crush him. But the elite he was speaking to said no, he's a friend. They seemed to be content with that and moved to either side of the door, readying their fuel rods.

"We will free our brethen and put a end to this prophet!" the elite yelled as he grabbed two plasma rifles. Sam grabbed a shotgun and extra shells with a couple of plasma grenades.

"Do you know where my armor is?" Sam said.

"In the armory down the hall, they didnt have time to move it to any other place when we attacked your alpha Centuri base." The elite said. "We lost the majority of our 50 ships in that battle."

"good." Sam said. "At least that means the human race is still around."

Sam cocked the gun and walked out the door glancing down both corridors and followed the supreme commander.

"So do you guys have a name or what?" Sam asked.

"My name is Shoka" The elite said. "Are you ready to die for your race?"

"Yeah, or i'll would not be on this mission now would I?" Sam said. Holed in a enemy cruiser with limited allies and a new enemy that is harder to take out. Sounds like a fun. sam thought as he walked down the hallway.

"Here is the armory." The elite said.

Sam opened the door just as a jackel was exiting and both were suprised. Sam fired his shotgun moved into the room fast. Two Jackels charged Sam as he blew holes in them. They dropped to the deck dead.

"Which container?" Sam asked.

"This one." Shoka said tapping it. It opened and his armor was laying on sheilfs of sorts. He grabbed peices of it and started to assemble the armor. 15 minutes or so later Sam was busy locking his helmet. it hissed shut as his suit pressurized. Everything was still fuctioning which was good. An elite opened the container and present him with his AR that was stored their also. there was 10 clips in all which he grabbed and slugged his shotgun on his back. He'll need that later.

"So who wants to go prophet hunting?" Sam said as he turned to his newfound allies.

## 15. Suicidal mission

Part 2

Halo: Branded as Traitors

By: Natination

The Cruiser loomed ahead, dead in space as the UNSC peacemaker slowly moved towards it, looking for any traps. The bridge was dull as the AI Q came back online. The covenant ship was heavily damaged, from internally as sensors indicated.

"I'm ready sir." Q said. His floating ghost labcoat wandered around on the holo tank. "What do you want me to do?"

"Access the covenant ship network, find out why this ship is... the way it is." Jimmy asked. "The covenant aren't smart in computer network secuity so i want you to hack into it."

"Yes sir." Q said. It only took a minute for him to access the networks. "It's hard working transferring from E-band to covenant signels but it's working. accessing covenant sensor view. One human detected aboard. Possible being escorted by seavral elites, grunts and a pair of hunters. Suggesting from the escort, i'll say they have a high profile POW they do not want to lose."

"Sir, permission to board the vessel." Nate asked from behind Jimmy.

"Negative. We will lose our stealth and how do you plan on getting inside?" Jimmy said.

"Though the hanger sir." Nate said. "According to the sensors, the shield is down in that section and the generator is most likely down."

"Alright, permission granted. Get in, get the POW out, quick and quiet. Nothing fancy. I want to get the hell out of here in one piece if that's ok."

"Sir, yes sir." Nate said.

"Bring Patton with you, you'll need him." Jimmy ordered.

"Yes sir." Nate said. He was going to anyways, no sense going in without any support. Nate turned around to face Jimmy. "How many squads am I allowed?"

"2 squads Spartan, that's it." Jimmy said. "Best to get the most experienced ones."

"Sir, thank you sir." Nate responded at once. This was going to be good. He pulled up the rooster and called up for a group of 12 marines. He checked through the rooster as a crewman bought the data crystal containing Patton. The AI's were shut down for now because of power restrictions. Not any more.

When he felt Patton enter his mind Nate at once asked. "I need 12 men from our current marine forces, who do I want?"

Patton without saying a word choosed 12 marines, 4 PSC's, 2 sargeants and 6 PFC's.

"Sounds good to me." Nate said. "Get them ready."

Nate went to the armory which was only 50 feet from the bridge on his way to hanger 1. They had access to one pelican. Either they make it, or not. Nate walked though not even stopping as he grabbed a pistol, shotgun and a jackhammer launcher with 6 rounds. No sense carrying the usually weight when you know your going to step into hell with a good chance of not coming back. He decided also to carry two fragmentation grenades just in case. Nothing like a bouncing explosive charge in his current arsenal.

The marines assembled and were loaded in, they were from various squadrons stationed on the ship, and knew each other vaguely. Each bought thier weaponry with them and were ready to go.

As the pelican exited the hanger Nate stood up in the sealed pelican.

"Alright men, you have been choosen because you are the vets that we currently have. We are to rescue captured humans on a covenant cruiser and we are to be quick and fast. Nothing fancy and we can not be slowed down." Nate said. "They are currently heading to the launch bay with the shields down and are likely on their way to the bridge, thus we will intercept them before they do reach the bridge."

"Sounds good to me." One marine said. "Can i go to the gift shop on board once we are done?"

The marines laughed at the joke but as they saw the covenant ship appoaching on the viewpoint, they stopped.

Nate's stomach was turning as he wondered why he had spoken up for this. He had a vague sense sam was out there but where, he did not know. All he knew was that they were going to pay the covenant a quick visit and get a POW out.

The pilot's activated the intercom. "I can't believe we're not being blasted right now, we should be dead by now. Here we going for the drop, prepare for dump."

Dump meant the pilot was going to fly in, everyone jumped off and the pilot got the hell out of there.

When they reach the hanger the pelican shuddered as it hit the pressurized room and the door opened.

"Move it!" Nate said.

Everyone jumped out within 15 seconds and the pelican sprayed the room with rounds and then backed out. Gore of seaval of the ape creatures were everywhere among bodies of engineer's and jackels.

"Let's move it!" Nate said.

They moved quickly as they glanced around the room, no sign of life. They moved down towards the exit as the doors opened. 12 jackel's gacked at them and opened fire when they noticed the marines. The PFC who made the joke on the pelican opened fire with his AR and killed a jackel before the plasma bolts cut him down.

Nate though a fragmentation genade and opened up with his pistol hitting another jackel in the head. The frag rolled behind them and the door's closed aWHUMP was heard among screams of jackels.

When the doors opened again they discovered a gore covered corridor.

"They should be down to the left moving towards the bridge we must hurry." Patton said. Seavral of the ape creatures rush out of a room and broke a neck of a sargeant and killed a PFC before being taken down. As more and more of the covenant knew about the intruder's, more of the marines fell.

As the marines blew anything and everything that was living out of their way as they headed for the POW. By the time they reached the corridor heading for the bridge their was 1 sargeant and 2 PSC's left. Nate was breathing hard as he whipped around and blasted a grunt with his shotgun. Reloading as he ran he heard the thumps of hunters, he readied his rocket launcher.

"Stay behind me, watch my back, make sure you dont get my way." Nate wispered. The marines nodded as they took positions to support and watch his back. Nate whipped around the corner and saw a spartan with

a shotgun running down the corridor with a bunch of elites and a pair of hunters following keenly. There was fragmentation grenades on the spartan's belt that had not been used curiously. Nate held his fire for a second as the second spartan stopped when he noticed the other spartan.

"Spartan, idenify yourself." Nate said opening a comm channel.

"This is sam. Who are you?" The spartan said. The elites held up seeing the other spartan and held their fire. The grunts looked at the spartan's nervously. Facing one spartan was a horrible and mostly fatal experince, Two spartans on the other hand, well that was plain suicide, but right now, they were fine.

"Ah, hello sam. I decided to pop in and help out." Nate said. "Who's your friends?"

"Jail-break." Sam said. "They were locked up with me. The Elites, grunts and hunters everywhere are being betrayed by the prophets. We have allies now."

"Sweet..." Nate said. He tried to wonder if he could acually break the habit of killing any grunt, elite or hunter on sight when in battle. Slim to none. Habits die hard. "Marine's, come on."

The marines rounded the corner and saw the covenant and leveled their rifles.

"Covenant! let's kick thier ass!" the marines said.

"Hold fire!" Nate said. "Their allies."

"Allies?" one marine muttered not able to believe it. "if they are, i dont trust them as far as i can throw them. I certainly can't throw hunters that far."

The marines reluctantly lowered their weapons.

"Let's get the hell out of here." Nate said. "The Pelican is going to make another roundabout and pick us up."

"I am committed to somewhere else Nate." Sam said. "I have to help them kill a prophet."

"A prophet? on board right now?" Nate said. "I thought they hide on their homeworld."

"Not this one, and well, let's just say they dont like our allies anymore."

"Gotcha." Nate said, he turned off the comm system switch it to talk to patton.

"Patton, tell UNSC Peacemaker that we have to go rescue more prisnors trapped on the bridge."

"sir, that is disobeying your orders." patton said.

"Tell them their is a prophet with not many defenses onboard." Nate

said. "The covenant are breaking apart."

"Alright, let's go. According to my elite buddy here, we have to go up this corridor and we're get to the bridge." Sam siad.

"Let's move it out." Nate said. "Marines follow me, we're take point since i got the rocket launcher."

When the bridge doors opened nate unleashed two missiles upon whatever guards their were. they were all the ape creatures and 6 died instantly when a rocket hit the floor at their feet. The other 5 remaining guards including a captain of some kind opened fire witha grenade launcher.

"Flying nades! Cover!" Nate said as he dropped the rocket launcher and opened up with his pistol.

Sam opened up with his AR as he blasted though a group of jackels manning control consoles.

Genades hammererd everywhere and expoded, taking out 2 grunts and a elite. The purple bridge in the middle was giving them extra cover to fire down upon them. When the hunters enter however, Two of the ape creatures including the captain got a fuel rod to the chest.

The prophet screamed about something as his brutes died all around him under the hail of projectiles and energy.

A elite jumped ontop of the prophet's hovering seat and started to pump the crap out of him. This prophet didnt have any defenses like shields or anything strangely. The prophet was dead after the third blow but the elite kept on hammering for a few extra seconds to make sure he was dead.

It jumped off covered in the prophet's blood.

"One less traitor to take orders from."The elite said with a hint of satisfaction.

One of the last grunts with them looked at a holo panel before yelling. "The fusion core is going critical! This crusier is going to explode!"

"Now, we die." The elite said. "With our honor restored."

"We die now?" A marine said. "That is a shitty plan."

A/N:

Well i thought that was a good cliff hanger, Please everyone, if you do read my story, please place a review, i dont care if your flaming me or what not. Anyway, i'm working on the next chapter right now.

End  
file.